

This should be read before the three last—

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COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1818.

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NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

In consideration of the Expence of Carriage and Postage, Dealers in the Register, who reside in the Country, will in future be supplied at the reduced rate of *Eleven Shillings the Hundred*, by the Publisher, 34, Wardour Street, Soho. It must, however, be observed, that the Payment must either be enclosed in the Order, or the Dealer must commission an Agent or Friend in London to pay personally. When more money is enclosed in the Order than the exact Payment, subsequent Orders will be promptly executed to the extent of the overplus. A circular Letter will be sent to the Country Dealers, as soon as the List can be procured from the late place of publication.

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**TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
DUKE OF SUSSEX.**

On the late rejection, by the Borough-mongers, of the application of the Prince for grants of money to his brothers.

*North Hampstead, Long Island,
15th. June, 1818.*

SIR,

Notwithstanding the constant declaration, of the real radical Reformers, that they seek, and have sought, for the destruction of nothing which is agreeable to the laws and constitution of England, your Royal Highness is, I dare say, amongst those, who regard us, or, rather, who affect to regard us, as using the call for Reform as a pretence, and a mere pretence,

for gaining power wherewith to destroy the kingly and aristocratical parts of the government. There are, indeed, no *proofs*, either positive or presumptive, of this our alledged design, though Committee after Committee have sitten and have hatched out the eggs laid by Secretaries of State and their spies; and, it is something rather unusual, except in the *Boroughmonger Dictionary*, to set down *prayer for right* as synonymous with desire to *do wrong*. In short, Sir, this assumption by our oppressors of bad motive in good deed is one amongst those numerous acts of insolent injustice, for which, as surely as they now breathe, they are destined to suffer at no very distant day.

However, if your Royal Highness will do me the honour to read that which I am now taking the liberty to address to you, I am not without hope, that you will begin to doubt, at least, of the justice of this impudent assumption of the Borough tyrants.

I will not stoop to *prove* the falsehood of this infamous imputation, until the tyrants have brought forward something like fact or argument in support of its truth. It is a general rule of law, as well as of reason and of natural justice, to presume that men's professions are sincere, until they be proved to be insincere; and I see not why this rule is to be reversed in complaisance to a body of men notoriously and confessedly as corrupt as men can possibly be, and whose fla-

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grant corruption stands recorded on their own journals. If I were to pursue a thief, who had stolen my horse, and he, when I demanded of him to give up my horse, were to say; "no: I will keep your horse; because, if I surrender him to you, you will demand my clothes; you will strip me of all I have, and then murder me. These are the things you have in view: it is not your horse that you care about." What should we say of the villain? Should we not say, that this was the most impudent thief that ever lived? Yet, Sir, even the impudence of such a thief would fall far short of that of the Boroughmongers, who, because we ask for our well-known rights, charge us with designs to kill the king and root out his family.

In exculpation of the Reformers in general, as to this charge, I will, therefore, say nothing, except that the charge is false; and, as to myself, unless I am to be interpreted by contraries, I have no need to say any thing on the subject, seeing that I have invariably represented the Borough tyranny as being as oppressive *on the king* as on the people. I have always contended, that it was, in fact, the Boroughmongers who had the *whole* of the powers of the government in their hands; and, that they suffered the throne to exist merely as a stalking-horse. They, in the *name* of the king, pillage, gag, hang and quarter and rip out the bowels of the people; and, in the *name* of the people, they curb, overawe, and degrade the king. They make use of these names alternately, as their purposes demand. They pass *treason-laws*, under pretext of protecting the king, but for the upholding of their own despotic sway; and, in

order to fence themselves on the other side, they take care to pare the nails of the king by rendering his family odious, and by making all the parts of it dependent on themselves.

In a Register, written last summer, called a *Peep into the Den*, I clearly showed, that the king *had no power*; that he was, in fact, a cypher; a perfect nothing; that it was the Boroughmongers who appointed the Ministers, called the king's Ministers; that they appointed the Bishops, Deans, and all the Churchmen said to be appointed by the Crown; that they chose the Judges, Sheriffs, Collectors, Admirals and Colonels and Generals; that they disposed of the places, pensions, and of every thing said to be in the gift of the Crown; and that they took care to bestow *upon themselves*, their families and dependents every thing of great value in point of emolument. As a *proof* of this their absolute power, I pointed out the fact of several of their families having, *each family*, more a year out of the public money, *than the Royal family had*; and now we have seen, that, while *they* are wallowing in wealth arising out of the people's labour, they play the *patriot*, and resist a call for an addition to the stipends of your Royal Brothers! That the *call was proper* I do not say; but, that *they* should have resisted it for the *people's sake* is the thing that fills me with indignation, while they themselves are sucking away the last drop of the people's blood!

This curious act of patriotism can hardly have taken place without your Royal Highness calling to mind what I had the honour to say to you, at Kensington Palace, *about five years ago*. My words, uttered in the presence of another gentleman, were

nearly these: "Of all the things, which, during my life have surprized me, I am most surprized at the blindness of your Royal Highness's Family with regard to your true interests. It appears quite wonderful to me, that you should not clearly see, that to *side with the people* against the ruffians, who oppress and insult us is the only way of proceeding, on your part, to obtain either respectability in the public eye, or, finally, security. The people of England are not given to change. It has been their habit to pay great respect to the kingly office and to the person of the king. They are not *grudging* in the smallest degree. They would see that it was for their own interest to enable the Royal family to live in suitable splendour. But, in return, they look for some proofs of the *salutary influence* of the kingly office; and, none of these do they see, it being manifest now to all the world, that the Royal authority is a mere instrument of harshness and terror in the hands of an all-ruling Oligarchy. We are never permitted to enjoy one single kind of act or expression from the king. His name is never made use of to us but in the way of menace or of command. The Borough usurpers have so contrived the matter as to make you all appear to be nothing but mere consumers of the public wealth. They contrive to make it be believed, that *you* are the great swallows of the fruit of our labour. They *inquire* and *debate* about the sums that *you* receive; they have returns made to them, and are full of their cavils upon these matters; but, no inquiries, no debates, no

returns, no cavils, no carpings, respecting the enormous sums which they and their relations and dependants swallow. Here I see your Royal Highness in a set of shabby apartments, with hardly a horse or a servant, while such men as the Marquis of Buckingham and Lord Camden are rolling in wealth, have their palaces in town and country, their parks, their gardens, their packs of hounds, studs of horses, and troops of servants. And *all* these they have derived from the *public purse*, without having, at any time of their lives, done any thing to serve the public. The usurpers have *all* in their power. It is *they*, and not the king, who bestow Crown Livings, Deaneries, Prebends, and Bishopricks. It is they who make all the appointments in the Law, Army, Navy. Look, Sir, at that long list of rich sinecures, called Colonelships of Regiments; and you will find the far greater part, if not the whole, in the hands of the Usurpers, their relations and dependants. Your brother, the Prince Regent, has no more power, in making appointments, than I have; and, indeed, not so much; for, if I would sell my pen to the Usurpers, I might have a share in making appointments; and *Stewart* and *Walter* have now forty times the real power that your brother, the Prince Regent has. Thus, these impudent usurpers rob both king and people. It is their desire to keep all you, the members of the Royal Family, in a state of debt, difficulty, and degradation. To exhibit you as *spendthrifts*; to expose you to contempt; and thus, by making you

“ unpopular, to make you incapable of
 “ doing any thing against them or for
 “ the people. They never tell the people
 “ that out of that immense sum, the
 “ Civil List, they, the Usurpers, leave
 “ but a very small portion to the king.
 “ They never tell us, that *they them-*
 “ *selves take it almost all away* in sa-
 “ laries and pensions. They never
 “ tell us, that, having *voted* the money
 “ to *the king*, they go themselves and
 “ sack it under the names of Lord
 “ Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Lords
 “ of the Bedchamber, Groom of the
 “ Stole, Master of the Horse, and so
 “ forth, and that almost every ser-
 “ vant and waiting woman about the
 “ Royal Family are appointed, in
 “ fact, by themselves, and chosen
 “ from amongst their dependants and
 “ bastards; so that, in fact, the Civil
 “ List is a thing of *their own*, and
 “ only one of the many ways, in which
 “ they rob the people.”

These, of course, were not the *very*
words that I made use of; but, they
 do no more than express what I as
 fully expressed to your Royal High-
 ness. Upon my observing with, I
 hope, becoming respect, that the con-
 duct of you and your brothers was
 not calculated to do you honour with
 the people, your Royal Highness, in
 a very condescending manner, asked
 me, *what you could do*, seeing that you
 had no power to act. Upon this I
 observed, that you all had seats in the
 House of Peers; for, that the Usur-
 pers had not quite shut you out from
 that place. “ I know, Sir,” said I,
 “ what *I* would do. I would rise in

“ my place; I would move for a Re-
 “ *form* of the Commons’ House. I
 “ would distinctly accuse the Bo-
 “ rough Usurpers of all their usurpa-
 “ tions. I would, in the name of the
 “ people, demand a restoration of
 “ their rights, agreeably to the Con-
 “ stitution of England.” To this
 your Royal Highness answered, that,
 you were afraid, that we *should not*
stop at a constitutional Reform. I
 denied any ulterior views being enter-
 tained by me, or by any man that I
 knew; and I did my utmost to im-
 press upon your Royal Highness the
 great ultimate danger to yourselves
 and your dynasty in *continuing* to
make common cause with that corrupt
 and cormorant crew, who were so
 justly detested by the people at large,
 and who had involved themselves in
 such a way as to make it impossible
 for them to support their power for
 many years longer.

You have continued, tacitly at least,
 to make common cause with them;
 and, if this be the line of conduct pur-
 sued by you to the end, the chances
 are, indeed, that the people will *not*
stop at a mere Reform of their own
 House of Parliament. I hope, how-
 ever, that it will always be remem-
 bered, that the *people* have *now* no
 desire other than that of choosing
 their own representatives and of pro-
 tecting themselves against robbery
 and cruelty.

In two recent Registers, addressed
 to the men who have lately been shut
 up in Dungeons, or, as the insolent
 Duke of Montrose called it, “ at

"*stranded from society*," I have clearly *proved*, that the usurpers may be tumbled headlong down at any time that any man chooses to expend a few pounds upon *engraver's* work. This fact is not like the facts of the *Green Bag*. It is not a mere invention of an impudent Secretary of State, or of his more clever spies and underlings. It is built on *reason*, and I defy any man living to shew that the conclusion is false. If such an event should take place, from that moment the doom of the Borough usurpation and of its high allies, the paper Swindlers, is sealed. And, if the Crown and the Royal Family make *common cause* with the Usurpers, all, of course, will experience one sort of fate. What a pretty *tenure*, then, is this for a crown and a Royal Family? Granted, that these will be safe, in their present humbled state, as long as the Bank Note will pass current; but, then, if they depend on this contingency, what a pretty sort of tenure they have!

I defy the powers of man to restore to England a gold and silver currency, *without oversetting the Borough system*. If this *could be done*, then, indeed, the Borough usurpers might sleep in quiet. But, it cannot be done. As long, therefore, as the Borough system exists, all must be in jeopardy that depends on it, or that *makes common cause with it*; and, I beg your Royal Highness to observe, that men may *tacitly*, as well as expressly, make common cause with other men. "Those who are

"*not for us, are against us*." Never was there a people on earth so heavily oppressed, so outrageously insulted, so savagely treated, as the English people have been, and now are, by the Boroughmongers. They cannot forget, if they would forget. They must feel deep resentment against all who oppress them, and all who support their oppressors, or who seem to view their deeds and to hear their insolent language without feeling indignation. Would it not, then, be *prudent* for the members of the Royal family instantly and openly to discountenance the usurpers and to take part with the people in demanding their rights according to the constitution? Better, and far better, motives than that of *prudence* might be expected to animate the members of that family; but, does not *common prudence* demand, from them, this line of conduct?

Your Royal Highness hears too much, I dare say, about the amazing powers of the *sinking fund* and about those *permanent resources*, of which the Boroughmongers talk in the Speeches, which they make for your brother to utter; I dare say, that you hear too much about these to suffer you to believe what I might say about the *bankrupt state of the government*. But, permit me to request you to look back over *their Speeches* (for they are *their speeches*) for the last 26 years. Look at their annual *predictions* and *boastings*, and then look at the *result*! But, after all, this is not the point: the point is, *can they ever pay again*

in gold and silver without winding ropes for their own necks? This is the point: for, as for forgiving them after their *indemnity* proceeding, none but the very basest of mankind can entertain the idea. This is the point. This is the question upon which the fate of the Borough ruffians and of all their adherents turns. And, if I have not *proved* the negative of this question, nothing ever was *proved* in the world. I proved it years ago. No events were wanted to establish the fact. But, events in abundance have come to effect that purpose.

Gold and Silver will return. The swindling fiction cannot last for ever. But, gold and silver and the Borough usurpation cannot co-exist. When I left England, there was a *doubt* in my mind upon this subject. I had not quite settled in my mind the question, whether the Seat-selling could exist after the fall of the paper-swindle. But, upon mature reflection, I am perfectly satisfied, that both will fall when one falls, and that the tumbling will *begin* with the swindle. The swindle is the very *soul* of the system. All the rest of it is nothing but the arms and legs, the teeth and claws. Take away the soul, and these are dead in a moment.

The thing that now oppresses and grinds and insults us is very difficult of access by any other means than that of the swindle. It is a monster of many heads and hands. It is here, there, and every where. It is composed of so many sections of *ins* and *outs* and *moderate* and *furious*. It

has so many means of defence and attack, of violence and of fraud, that one can hardly say *where* it is, or *what* it is. It has no unity of being, or visibility of shape. One cannot stab it or shoot it. It is the most complete thing that the roguery of ages ever formed, whether for the destruction of others or for its own preservation; and, if it had not been endangered by the French Revolution, to oppose which it was compelled to resort to the paper-swindle, there is no saying how long it might have existed. The usurpers had, for nearly a hundred years, contrived to hold and enjoy all the rights and powers of the Crown and to suppress all the rights of the people. They were a set of tyrants, who robbed and ruled the country according to their will and their pleasure; and this state of things they called *freedom*. But, until 1793, there was some limit to their robberies and insolence. The slavery of the king and people, though real, was disguised from common eyes. The robberies, though great, were not so daring. In 1793 the tyrants saw in the success of the French Revolution *the cause of their certain overthrow*; and, therefore, they resolved to prevent that success. "We must destroy that thing in France, or there is an end to *our order*: we may fail in our endeavours, but our rank and power are *worth fighting for*, and *we will fight for them*." Ask, Sir, your very worthy friend, Mr. NICHOLS, whether these were not the words uttered to

him by LORD SPENCER, when this latter, along with the Duke of Portland and that other famous Borough-monger, Lord Fitzwilliam, *went over* to PITT, in order to *compel* him to go to war against the people of France.

The tyrants clearly saw, that, if a really free government were established in France, it would be impossible for them to retain their ill-gotten power. They clearly saw, that, with the example of France before them, and close under their eyes, the people of England, who had never ceased to demand a Reform, would not remain in an unresisting state any longer. Therefore the tyrants resolved on that war. They persevered in it from the same great motive. They could not raise, *in taxes*, the sums necessary to carry on a war, during which they bribed all that was bribeable in Europe, and hired every man that was to be hired to shed blood. To have attempted to raise, within the year, *all* that this war and these bribings demanded, would have created such discontent at home as to be sufficient to stop the career of the tyrants. They, therefore, *borrowed* in one shape and another all that they could get any body to lend them. They pledged the *future* taxes for the repayment of these loans; and thus they proceeded, till they, at last, pledged all the land, all the houses, all the mines, and all the future *labour* of the nation. But, to do this in a *real money* transaction was impossible. They, therefore, resorted to a swindling paper-contrivance. Having got into their possession by

the means of paper issues, a large part of the property of the people, they, in conjunction with their allies of the Bank, made a grand swindle, and forbade any of the people to demand payment in real money. This started them off anew, and there appeared to be no end to their resources for doing mischief. Having a paper-currency, which was not convertible into gold and silver, and the quantity of which they could augment or diminish at their pleasure, they seemed to have found the *Philosopher's Stone*; and, accordingly, there were no bounds to their insolence. After long efforts, they succeeded in restoring, in part, the old despotism of France. They then, to finish their work, tried their hand upon America; and, though shamefully beaten there, they made, as they thought, sure work of it in Europe. There they took all despots into their pay. There they set up again "Antichrist and the Whore of Babylon," for the extirpation of whom our priests had all been praying for so many centuries. There they entered into a League, the object of which was to keep all nations in slavery; and, though they had got what they called *peace*, they still kept on foot an army to defend them at home and enforce laws to enable them to assist foreign despots in catching any of their slaves that might escape to England. Thus secured on all sides, armed at all points, there were no limits to their arrogance, their insolence, and their vauntings. But, this time of exultation was not long. The paper-swindle now began to work

in a very fatal manner. Fools as the mass of tyrants were, their allies in the swindle saw, that if *nothing but paper* could ever be brought into play, the paper could not long live in peace. An attempt was made to *cause gold and silver to return*. Misery spread itself over the nation. The tyrants tried the thing to its utmost. They starved hundreds of thousands; but, they were compelled to abandon their project, and to return again to fresh issues of their base paper; and thus have they, by the very means which they employed to secure for ever their tyranny, created the sure cause of its total destruction.

The last of their news-papers that I have seen, talks about the Bank paying in specie in *July next*; that is to say, in a few weeks from the date of this letter. Before this letter reach England, it will be seen, *either that the Bank does not pay, or that the whole thing is shaken to pieces*. I do not know *why* the fools *talk* about paying. Do they imagine, that such talk will deceive mankind a little longer? Perhaps, it may do that. But, the end must come; and, in the meanwhile, the fact to be deeply impressed on the mind of your Royal Highness and on that of every member of your family, is this: that the Borough tyranny *depends wholly on the credit of Bank Notes*. Without that, it is impossible for the tyranny to live a day.

All, then, rests upon this ticklish foundation. The tyrants have furnished the antidote while they have been inflicting the wounds and drench-

ing us with their poison. They would not have furnished the antidote if they could have avoided it. No thanks to them that they have left us the means of rescuing ourselves from the grasp of their tyranny. They, in 1815, saw their danger. They saw, that it was not *title deeds* that they now had to look to; no, nor their power of shooting and hanging the people; but, that it was the *Bank Notes!* Simply the Bank Notes. This discovered to them something *new* in their situation. They began to be alarmed; for, *here* no troops, no dungeons, no halters, no axes, no *indemnity bills*, could avail them any thing. Therefore they made an *attempt to bring back gold and silver*. They saw without remorse the misery that this attempt created; but, they have found, I believe, that even if they were to shoot and hang half the people, they could not effect their object. Their stupid committees *report most favourably; prosperity*, they say, is returning fast. But, what of the *Bank Notes?* Can you get rid of them? Can you get gold and silver to circulate and to pay spies and troops with? If you cannot, you may spare your *reports*; you may spare your *falshoods*; for they will avail you nothing. As long as the Bank Notes remain, so long the *remedy*, the effectual and safe remedy, is always in our own hands.

I beg your Royal Highness seriously to consider of this matter. Ask yourself, Sir, *what could be done*, if the Bank Notes would no longer pass in payment. Look at the confusion, the uproar, that must instantly exist. The fundholders, the soldiers,

the sailors, could not be paid. It would be impossible to pay them for a week. Taxes, private debts, law-suits, contracts! Only think of the consequences! And this is a state of things that may happen as suddenly as the coming of a thunder-shower. This is the fruit of the long and bloody wars against freedom abroad, in order to prevent a Reform of the Parliament at home. *Insurances* on lives; all sorts of securities other than that of actual possession of real money or goods of real value, are worth nothing in such a state of things. Who is to pay the *annuitant*, if Bank Notes will not pass? And what *security* can any one be said to have for the payment of any thing, if the Bank Notes can be made useless on any day? If your Royal Highness depend solely for the payment of your stipend upon the Bank Notes, what security have you that it will be paid you for this very year? And, what other dependence can you now have!

If the Borough tyrants were to dismiss the greater part of their *army*, that would lessen the demand upon them. But, the army is as necessary to their support as it is to the support of the Bourbons. They know very well, that they cannot stand without an army; and I know, and have infinite pleasure in knowing, that the army cannot be kept up an hour longer than the Bank Notes will pass. Yet, the army, while it defends the Borough tyrants for the present, only adds to the necessity of the use of Bank Notes, and, thereby, in fact, adds to the chances in favour of the

people; or, rather, adds to the probability of a speedy arrival of our deliverance from the Borough-tyranny, the most execrable of all tyrannies that ever existed in the world.

I am not so singular in these my opinions as your Royal Highness may imagine. There are many persons, and those not ignorant persons, who are actually taking steps to save themselves from the effects of the convulsion which they see approaching. In my *Leave-Taking Address*, I said, that men of *property*, *farmers of large property*, would soon quit England for America. About *three hundred* men of this description, with their families, have arrived at New York from England, during the last year! Hither they come, wives, children, servants, cattle, hogs, sheep, dogs and all; and here they are welcomed as friends escaping from tyranny. A few days ago I saw a band of these emigrants with their fine herds of cattle, hogs, and sheep. I talked with some of these persons. Their language was this: "What were we to do? Every day we felt more and more severely the scourge of oppression. We were daily becoming poorer. We saw no hope of relief; no hope of deliverance from the oppression, except in a revolution, in which, perhaps, we, though innocent, might have shared the fate of the guilty. We could do no good to the country, and we did not think ourselves bound to remain to suffer all sorts of evil."

This is *something new* in the history of the Borough tyranny. It has long been driving away the journeymen

and labourers; but, even the rich, the quiet, the thoughtful farmers are now moving off. Not less than a million of pounds sterling have been brought into America, in this way, during the last year. And, to be sure, England now is, compared with America, what hell is when compared with paradise. It is impossible for any rational man in England to promise himself the means of providing for his family, be his calling or talents what they may. To say nothing of the insults which every man, who is not of the system, is compelled to endure, he has his rents and earnings actually taken away from him. No man has any *property* in his lands or goods or labour. It is all *pledged* before hand. The labour of the unborn is pledged to pay the Debts of the Borough tyrants. When a man has his little baby son upon his knee, what a comfort must it be to him to reflect, that the labour of that son is not to be employed to support himself, but to pay the Debts of the insolent tyrants who have usurped the father's rights, and who dungeon him or hang and quarter him, if he demand the restoration of those rights! Can men be blamed for seeking, in a foreign land, refuge from so execrable a tyranny? Can they be blamed for seeking, under a just government, to enjoy the fruits of their labour and talents? Are they to be accused of want of love of country, because they will not remain to assist in upholding the oppressors of their country and in the paying of the Debts of those oppressors?

I expect something to be done in

order to prevent the transfer of property from England to America. The thing will be attempted in vain, unless all *commercial communication* be cut off, and that would not suit the Borough tyrants, who, though they wish to keep their rich slaves under their grasp, cannot get on without American trading; and all these rich slaves may become traders if they choose; so that, galling as the thing is to the tyrants, they cannot prevent it. They authorize their myrmidons, at their Custom-Houses, to be insolent and teasing; they give to their own commands the force of laws; they annoy, vex, and pillage emigrants; but these *get away* at last; and they put up with the insolence of the Custom-House myrmidons, as people put up with the inconveniences of a sea passage. It is the *last* of the acts of tyranny that they have to suffer. This is their comfort.

Arrived here man is *really free*. Free to do every thing for his own good and not injurious to his neighbour. No *stamps* upon his receipts, deeds, contracts. No exciseman to pry into his cellars. None of those cursed plagues that tormented him in England. No greedy gang of Borough tyrants to take away his property or send him to jail as their Debtor. No villains, who hover over his death-bed, as crows hover over a dying horse, to snatch, under the name of taking legacy duty, his fortune from his friends or his children. No wretched paupers to drain his purse, or wound his heart by the constant contemplation of their miseries. No swaggering Colonels to knock him

from the pavement with their big, long, rattling German swords. Here the officers, who so bravely defended their country against the Rosses, the Cockburns and the Pakenhams of the Boroughmongers, have all returned to the plough, and the far greater part of them actually plough themselves. This is the sort of Colonels for me! And this is the sort of Colonels for England too. It is very pretty to see the fine feathered and gold-laced Colonels of the Horse Guards, with their long swords and Black Drummers; but, it is not so pleasant to pay, and to be shot at by command of, those pretty Colonels. My neighbour, Colonel Mitchell, who, in the hot weather, ploughs and hoes his Indian Corn without stockings on his legs, or shoes on his feet, is the sort of Colonel that I like. He was not wanting in courage to defend his country against the troops of the Boroughmongers. He was active and brave when these qualities were wanted for his country's defence; and now he tills his own land, and leaves his neighbours to repay his services with their grateful feelings. My servant, the other day, laughed when she heard him called a *Colonel*. "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed, "what a figure for a *Colonel*." "Stop," said I, "Mrs. Churcher. Think a little. Mr. Mitchell may be as brave, or braver, than the gay-dressed, long-sworded, strutting, impudent fellows that you used to see at Portsmouth and Gosport; and, Mr. Mitchell does not live

" upon the earnings of you and your husband as those fine Colonels used to do. Those fine Colonels were partly the cause of your coming to America to avoid starvation. They helped to swallow what you earned. It was to support them, and set them up to walk over you, that you were compelled to pay so dearly for your beer, your tea, sugar, candles and soap. Colonel Mitchell takes nothing from you here. He never comes to shoot at us. He lets us make our fat into candles and soap. He lets us make our malt and brew our beer. And he lets you keep your dollars till they fill a stocking or two. He will let you buy a farm and have a dairy of your own by-and-by; and he will never knock Churcher down for not pulling off his hat to him, and never will kick you for not making him a curtsy. In short, Mrs. Churcher, always bear in mind, that a country of pretty Colonels is and must be a country of poor and degraded people."

Fond as women are of the sight of these pretty fellows, Mrs. Churcher was, upon my preaching, convinced that Colonel Mitchell was of the best sort of Colonels. And, as to the men of sense and of property, who leave England to come hither, nothing can exceed their pleasure at experiencing the want of the pretty Colonels whom they have left behind them. Besides, what father of a family can endure the idea of raising that family to go on through life with their *labour* mort-

gaged? Every child that is now born in England, is, if he remain there, and if the system continue, doomed to give up more than one half of what he shall earn, during his life, to the Borough tyrants, in order to pay their own sinecures, their army, and the interest of their Debt, a Debt which they have contracted for the purpose of keeping him and the rest of the people in a state of slavery! What father of a family can endure the idea of rearing up children to pass their lives in this wretched, this degraded, manner?

The tide of emigration of this description is but just beginning to flow. These who have arrived are only the forerunners of thousands of rich men. I have heard of a Bedchamber Lord, who has *remonstrated* with a rich farmer on the intention of the latter to come. He will remonstrate in vain. The fact will soon become universally known, that a man, with a capital of two or three thousand pounds, may, as a farmer, with his English industry, gain as much here in three years as he can in England during a long life. Farmers, Brewers, Maltsters, if they be sober and industrious, all become rich here in a very short time. I declare, that, if I were a farmer in England, worth five thousand pounds, and if I had no motive other than that of making a fortune for my children, I would leave all my property behind me and come hither, rather than remain there, under the present system. It requires but a very short time for a man to obtain the means of getting land and stock of his own; and there is no one to take his property from him. He keeps it all. In England, he can keep nothing. All he earns beyond the bare means of subsistence is taken away by the various agents of the Borough tyrants. I have known farmers in England, as industrious, as sober, as skillful, as it was possible for men to be, hardly able to meet the tax-gatherer and the overseer. What a life for a man to lead! And, then, to be compelled to render to the petty deputy tyrants an account of his horses, dogs, windows, servants; and to have a spy constantly residing near him to see whether he ride out in one of his carts by any accident, or whether he ride to market on one of his plough-horses! What a life to lead! Not to dare to gather a bunch of hops from his garden fence, or to wet a heap of his barley, or to make his fat into candles or soap, or to paint a bit of canvass

to cover his floor, or make a window in his house, or to write a receipt upon a bit of his own paper! What a life to lead! And what a mockery to call such a life a life of *freedom*!

It is impossible, Sir, for such a state of things to last long. If there were no other means of putting an end to it, it would end by the country being deserted by all those who had the means of getting away. The Borough tyrants would, at last, be left to rob each other, and to cut each other's throats. But, thanks to the paper-swindle, there are other means; and, it is my firm persuasion, that those means will be resorted to, and before many months shall have passed over our heads; and again I call upon your Royal Highness to consider *what is likely to be the effect with regard to you and your family.* I have, for my part, always said, and I am always ready to repeat, that you have had no hand in forming or carrying on the tyranny. But, *you have seats in the House of Peers,* and you have made no efforts in behalf of the oppressed and insulted nation. The everlasting hangings and transportings that are going on are quite sufficient to move any man of common humanity to make an effort

to change the system. They are a disgrace to human nature. They shock all mankind. And that miserable *canter*, Sir JAMES MC. INTOSH, with his motion about the *means* of preventing forgery! Why, the means, and the only means, are plain enough; but he says not a word about the *only means*. He says not a word about putting an end to the paper-swindle. He says not a word about the robberies committed by those who are the hangers. He gets a return, which shews that the hangings have grown out of the swindle in Threadneedle-Street; but, he does not even hint at putting an end to, or at checking, that famous swindle. He pretends to want to compel the swindlers to find out engravers who are conjurers. What a hypocrite, or what a fool! Partly the one, perhaps, and partly the other.

It would be presumptuous in me to talk at this rate, were it not that I have established, by my years of predictions, now fulfilled, my right to talk thus of the whole of the great gang of fools and swindlers. To treat them as any thing else would be to abandon my own superiority over them. Thirteen years ago, I told the mean, mercenary and malignant Doctor, that,

unless he put a stop to the paper-swindle, it would, at last, reduce the nation to abject slavery, or, pull down the Church, the Aristocracy, and the Throne. The wise, gaping Doctor, laughed; but, though he has so little sense, I fancy he must now begin to be frightened. Certainly he has good reason; for he has been a most wicked tool of the tyranny. His cant and hypocrisy have given him more power of being cruel than his associates would have had; and, he has exercised that power with an unsparing hand. To talk of a compromise with the Doctor is out of the question. He has his "*indemnity*;" let him keep it: let him trust to it: let him rely on it.

If I were a *Prince*; an *insulted Prince* too; would I sail in the same boat; would I embark my all; would I sink or swim with these convicted fools, these condemned malefactors! Would I call myself a *Prince*, and be the underling of this set of detested tyrants! Is it possible that your Royal Highness can *fear* such men? Is it possible that you do not perceive their bankrupt, their tottering state? Is it possible that, after all their shufflings off of the day of payment at their Bank, you can still believe, that they will pay at last, though it is clear as daylight to all the Weaver Boys and Blanketteers, that every new loan and every new issue of Exchequer Bills add, if that can be, to the already

existing, and long existing, impossibility?

Perhaps your Royal Highness resolves with confidence on the opinions or hopes, of such men as Lord Holland, for instance, and on the tranquil aspect of the Country Gentlemen. Lord Holland I believe to be a very honest and humane man; but, his protest on Lord Stanhope's Bill proved to me, that he had no correct ideas upon the subject of the paper-swindle. He, in that protest, said: "the repeal of the law for suspending cash payments at the Bank is, in my opinion, *the only measure that can cure the inconveniences already felt, and avert the yet greater calamities which are impending.*" That is to say, his Lordship wished the Bank to pay in gold and silver. I said, upon that occasion (Letter 25, Paper against Gold), "I would beg leave to put, with sincere respect, this question to Lord Holland: If cash payments were restored, and money, as must be the case, were restored to its former value, *where* does Lord Holland think would be found the means of paying the Dividends?" Lord Holland did not see the thing in its true light. He did not perceive, that a restoration of real money would reduce wheat to five shillings a bushel, while the *interest of the Borough Debt* and of all *public pay* would remain as they were. How strange that he

should not have seen this! But, the Scotch Lawyer, HORNER, had so completely *bothered* all their brains, or, rather, had so completely infected all their heads with his own native trippant stupidity, that plain common sense seems to have taken her flight from the regions of St. Stephen's. The task of prating against the Treasury prater appears, of late, to have descended to that venerable old hack, the faithful representative (under favour of LORD THANET) of the Pigstyes of Appleby. One would think, that Mr. TIERNEY must *know*, that money cannot come back without a total blowing up of the system that gives him a seat. And yet he occasionally prates apace against poor babbling VANSITTART, and reproaches him with *not paying in coin*. Mr. TIERNEY must *know*, that the poor thing has no more the power of paying in coin than it has of uttering sound sense in perspicuous and forcible language. Mr. TIERNEY must *know*, that the poor prating thing has no more the power of causing cash payments to take place than it has to turn, by its juvenile lisp, its grey hairs black. What a shame, then, is it to see a man of real talents, thus prostituting those talents, and, by a sham opposition to a cheat, help to carry the cheat on!

As to the *equanimity* of those renowned Sirs, the Country Gentlemen,

it is the effect of pure stupidity; stupidity as genuine and unaffected as ever graced the skulls of human beings. Only look back, Sir, to Mr. WESTERN's remedies for *low prices*; Mr. COKE's Corn Bill project; Mr. CURWEN's public granaries and government loans on corn deposited. Then look at this latter 'Squires' scheme for remedying *high prices* by feeding the nation upon *fish*, "*our natural diet, as islanders.*" Look at the bustle of them all to get *high prices*, in order to remove the want of employment; and then, the very next year, at a similar bustle to get *low prices* in order to remove the want of employment. Hear them one year complain of a *surplus of food*, and the next year of a *surplus of mouths*. Look, Sir, seriously, at this worse than Bedlamite scene. Think of all this nonsense and noise. Contemplate, if you can find patience, the pompous emptiness, the self-collected assurance, the smirking looks, the Malvolio-like twist of the head, the theatrical gesticulations, with which all this mass of incomparable foolishness came from their lips. Talk of "*Lower Orders*," indeed! If there be, in human shape, any thing *lower* than these men, it is high time that the whole human race should be extinguished.

Is it possible, then, for your Royal Highness and your family to place

any reliance on, or to draw any favourable inference from, the apparent placidness and confidence of these men? You think, perhaps, that at any rate, the Borough tyrants will take care of themselves; and that, in so doing, they must take care of you. But, as I have proved, they are unable to take care of themselves. They cannot defend themselves against any *engraver*, who has a mind to overset them. They think to take care of themselves. But, they cannot, any more than they can *make employment* for workmen. Your Royal Highness may be assured, that, if I thought it possible for them to ward off the danger, I should not have described that danger. I know, that they cannot ward it off, and I tell them of it, that they may taste of death before the hour of its arrival.

I have now, Sir, discharged my duty towards the king and his family. I have pointed out the danger, and also the certain means of insuring safety with honour. The grand event that I foretell may not arrive for a

year or more. We need not be in hurry. When it does arrive, I beg, Sir, that it may be remembered, that the people will have a full and perfect right to number amongst their enemies all those who have not done something to prove that they are friends.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant

WM. CORBETT

ERROR in a part of the Impression of No. column 35, line 11 from the bottom, instead of *feel* read *fell*.

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